

SHELF LIFE

P.O. BOX 91260

SANTA BARBARA, CA.

93190

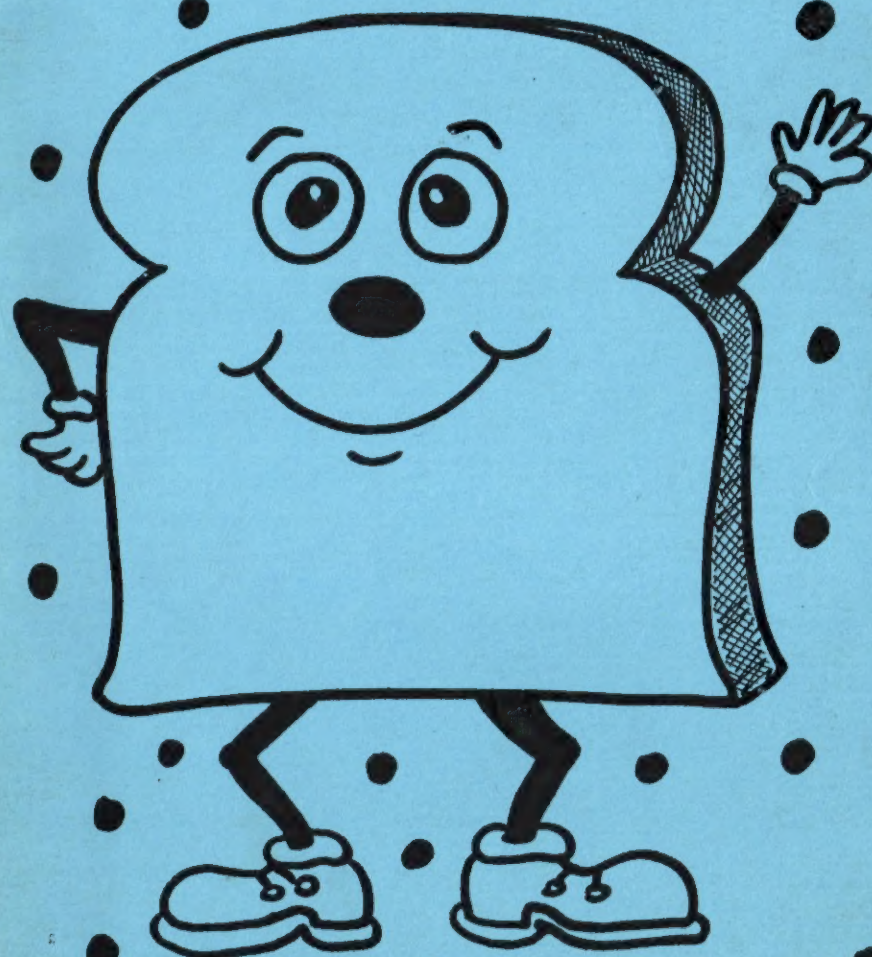


SHELF LIFE

#2

FUZI DETESTA

\$1.00



Hello!

Greetings and
Welcome to Shelf Life #2!

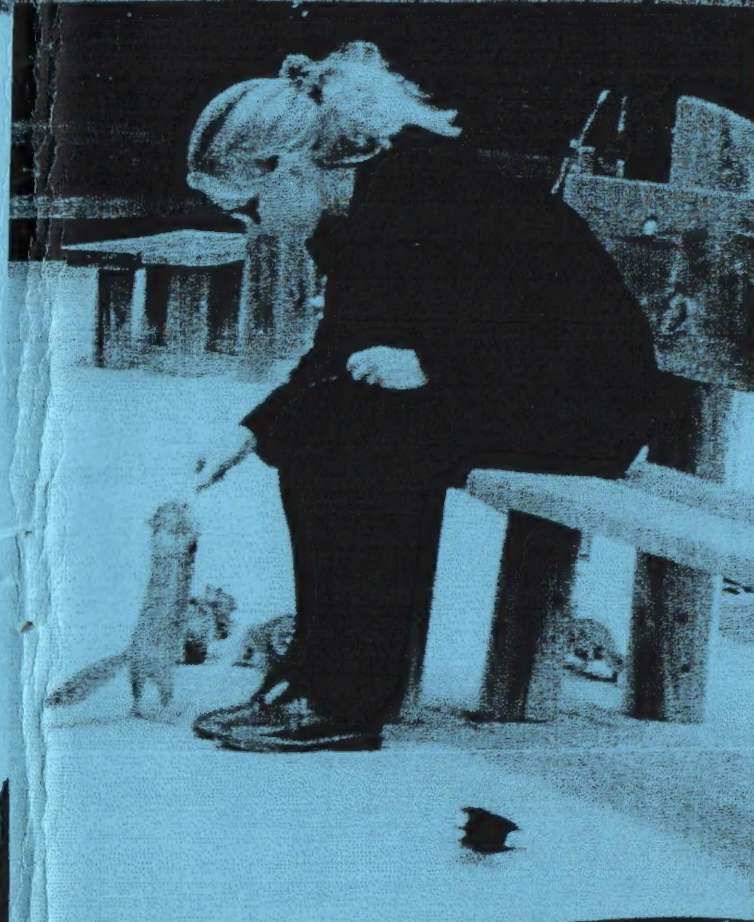
It's been a long time since
the first one came out, and
there were times I doubted
that I'd be able to do a
second issue, but finally, FIN-
ALLY, here it is. Recently, I've

been seeing alot of zines coming out of the S.B. area, ☺
and it's so nice to see. Alot of work goes in to putting
one of these things together! So much time & effort! ♡
But there seems to be some folks around here who
REALLY care. There have been more shows around
here, too, with some real terrific local bands. Some
bands are gone ... (Agent 94, Manumission, P.W.A.G.)

But... then again, others are probably being born as
I write this! ☺ REALITY CONTROL? RECORDINGS
is churning out records on genuine, affordable
Vinyl, with the recent releases of a SPARKER LP,
and a JEBERREKENELLE / RUGBURN split, and
a previous S.B. band compilation, which was just won-
derful and inspiring and too good for words. For more
INFO on these & other S.B. records... write to ←

JOHN LYONS/Reality Control? 5970 BIRCH #2 CARPINTERIA,
CA. 93013. Let's see, things here in S.B. are really looking
up. (We survived the earthquake!) Amongst many many
local stores that have closed... DEEP GROOVE RECORDS
remains open... and that makes me Happy! ☺ (The
economy has forced many other small businesses out.) But
DEEP GROOVE, as far as I'm concerned is the ONLY music
store in town. This issue of S.L. will be much like the
first issue, (but maybe a little less political and
a little more personal?) And it will be dedicated
to DEEP GROOVE records — the record store that even
holds PUNK shows there sometimes! Anyhow, wherever
you are, I hope you like it... write to me with
comments, feedback. (Address on back cover.) Start
your own zine. Start a band. Have fun doing it! ☺

♥ SHERYL



Credits...

The "treehouse"
piece on pg. —
which inspired me to
build my own treehouse,
was by JAY BABCOCK
from "SIP" zine.

Bowling Ball, TOURIST
BIKES, Voodoo IN HAITI,
& BONFIRE PHOTOS
TAKEN FROM THE S.B.
NEWS "SUPPRESS".

THICK SLICE Photos
COURTESY OF JEREMY
BARTEL.

* ALL OTHER PHOTOS
DRAWINGS & JUNK
BY ME,
SHERYL Shelf
Life ☺

END.



It seems fitting to end this, the second issue of my zine, with this quote by E.E. Cummings:

It is one of the best quotes I've heard ... we must

remember to be true to ourselves.

It is so important and more so, the older you get!! I spewed this whole zine out in a mad rush of 2 weeks of writing, typing, cutting, pasting, forgetting to eat, drink or think about anything else (even more important things like getting my portfolio together for CAL ARTS !!!) I Really hope that you liked it! Write to me please! send comments, letters, or stickers!

I love stickers! :) And thanks for Reading! SHERYL

THANKS TO the following: your name here

THE PALACE CAFE for use of computers ... and for my "Bread & Butter" too! :) Richard Yates, Steven Sponder, I LAH & BIANCA JARVIS, Mike Winter, VERICKA & JEREMY BARTEL - The LA. and S.F. CACHOPHONY Societies local Bands here in S.B. Especially SPARKER & GHOUL BRYNNER. Parry Gripp & Aylene, DEEP GROOVE RECORDS, chuck & dick, Brian Salmon, Christopher Plain, MATT "the Killer", Aaron Cometbus, Jay Babcock, ← MY CAT "KIRRA" & CAL ARTS!

EXTRA special thanks & MUCHO GRANDE LOVE TO:

MOM, DALE, TED, ANGELA TANZI GABE MELINE, JOHN GERKEN & ROBERT EGGPLANT.

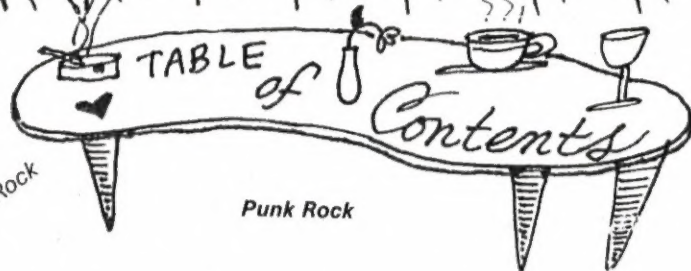
AND mostly to JOHN LYONS, (special person EXTRAORDINAIRE)

THANKS FOR EVERYTHING.

(43)

To be nobody-but-myself — in a world which is doing its best, night and day, to make you everybody else — means to fight the hardest battle which any human being can fight, and never stop fighting.

e.e. cummings



Punk Rock

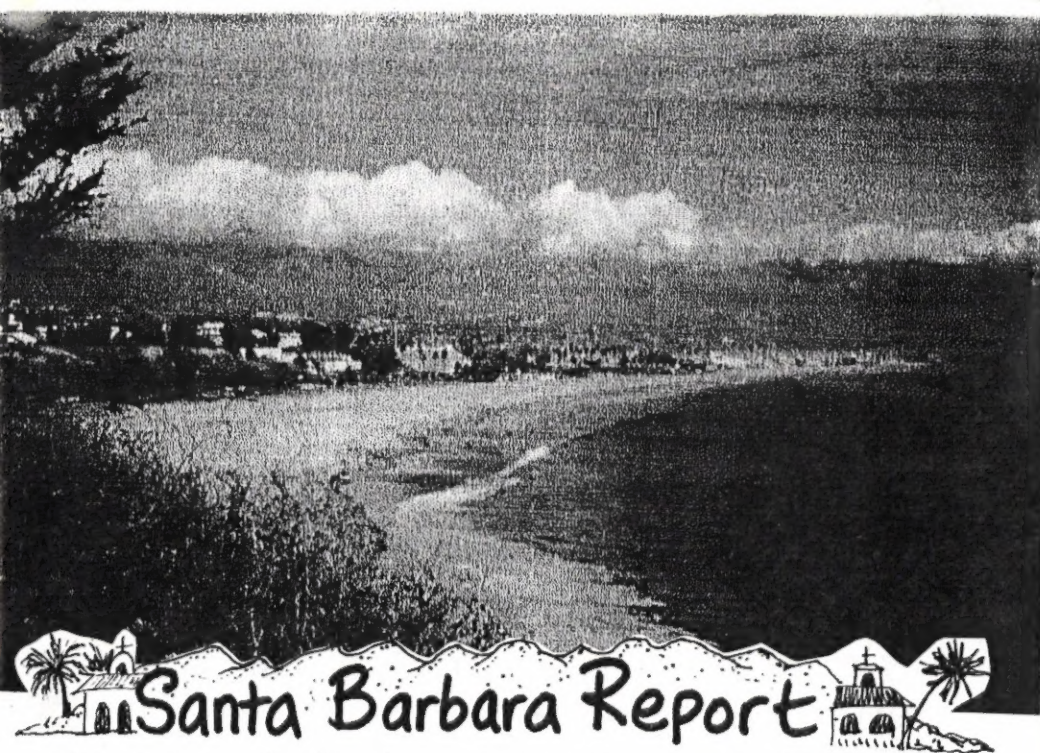
Punk Rock

Punk Rock

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PAGE 43-44 THE END... (phew!)



Santa Barbara Report

Well, here it is the beginning of a New Year and I'm still in Santa Barbara doing pretty much the same ol' things. Yep. ☺

Lots has changed here over the last year. The Anaconda theater closed its doors for good. Another venue down the drain. In the past, I might've bitched and moaned about how lame it is that there aren't too many good places to have shows, but not now. This is just a good reason to create it ourselves. There have been a few shows at the Goleta Valley Community Center and also at Buster's pizza in Goleta (despite the pepper gas at the R.K.L. show.) I saw the LAZY COWGIRLS there and had a crazy great time. In '93, I discovered a terrific little hidden place called Elsie's. They don't advertize, There's no sign above the door and it's NOT packed full of a bunch of idiots! It's off the main streets & furnished with lovely garage sale/thrift shop decor. It's divided into two rooms.

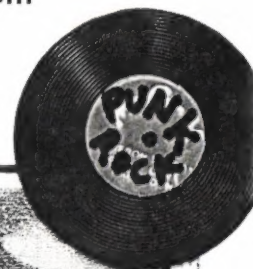
— PAGE ONE —

What is it ?

It's out of tune. It's loud. It's a way of life. It's just music. It's silly. serious. It's something I can't shake. Laughter. Sarcasm. Creativity. Born out of boredom. It's pain. It's joy. It's anger. It's angst. It is exclusive and inclusive at the same time. Serendipity. Spontaneity. It's insanity. It's inspiration. It's moving. It smells like sweat, bodies, beer, smoke, garlic, soda pop, fruit, hair and bubble gum. It's hapshod. It's scrappy. It's crooked and noisy. It's relief. It's motivational. It's a blast. Rebellious. Obnoxious. Free. It's catchy. It's slapphappy. It's a great big dogpile! It's a movement. It's a song. It's warm & fuzzy. It's cold and prickly. It's stinky. It's something from nothing. It's mine. It's yours. It's ours.

It's undefinable,

But it's lovely.



HND speaking of
EPICENTERS...

EARTHQUAKE DISASTER BEFORE DAWN

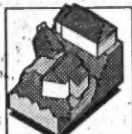


LIVING IN SOUTHERN CALIF. MY WHOLE ENTIRE LIFE... YOU'D THINK THAT I'D BE USED TO EARTHQUAKES, BUT THIS ONE WAS HAIRBALL TO SAY THE LEAST! I LIVE IN A SHAKY HOUSE ON LITTLE WOODEN STILTS. WE LOST POWER IN SANTA BARBARA FOR THE ENTIRE DAY! I SAW 6 BLOCK LONG GAS LINES FOR THE ONE GAS STATION THAT WAS OPEN

DOWNTOWN, WITH PEOPLE PUSHING THEIR CARS! IT WAS CRAZY. CAL ARTS, WHERE I ATTEND A DRAWING CLASS ONCE A WEEK, WAS DAMAGED TOO. 😊 EARTHQUAKES ALSO BRING OUT THE VERY BEST & THE VERY WORST IN PEOPLE. THAT WAS EVIDENT HERE IN S.B. BUT LIFE GOES ON... AND FOR THE MOST PART, LIFE HERE AT LEAST, 90 MILES NORTH OF L.A. IS BACK TO NORMAL. NOT SO FOR L.A... IT IS SAID THAT THERE ARE 4 SEASONS IN LOS ANGELES: DROUGHT, RIOTS, FIRE & EARTHQUAKES.



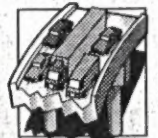
GAS LEAK



LANDSLIDE



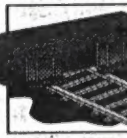
RESEVOIR
DAMAGE



FREWAY
COLLAPSE



BUILDING
COLLAPSE



RAILROAD
DERAILMENT

The back room is for 21 & over only. It has a pool table, good beer & a neat bar. It's like being at a small party in someone's garage, with plenty of couches and cozy chairs in dark corners so you can snuggle up to your sweetie and smooch! The front room is quite loungeable too, but more with a cool Grandma's house feel... Here you can sit among 1950's wall decor, a fake fireplace, and huge John Lee Hooker posters while sipping tea or coffee & munching on pop tarts, ding dongs or twinkies! 😊 Something for everyone! Yeehaw! Elsie's opens at about 4 pm most nights and is located on De La Guerra around the corner from Deep Groove Records. But hey! Don't tell too many people dammit!

♥ Speaking of Deep Groove, Congratulations to Chuck and his wife, who in 1993 became first time proud parents a a bouncing baby boy! So buy all your musical treats ONLY at Deep Groove and support "momt pop" businesses! Screw the big chain music stores!

'93 is also the year that Santa Barbara got a new mayor. Who knows what this will bring to an ailing city whose "government" seems to be pro-big business and development since recent elections. There's major environmental concerns like the developing of our last precious coastline (the Wilcox property, Ellwood Shores, and oil tankering in our channel! There already was a huge oil spill in Oxnard, killing thousands of birds & other sea life. It's only a matter of time before that happens here. I've raised my voice a lot about how I feel, but sometimes it seems so futile. 😊

CALLING ALL PRANKSTERS!: No sooner had the city unveiled its crappy new generic fountain in De La Guerra plaza, when someone pulled a BRILLIANT prank and mounted a glittering red bowling ball on top of the structure! 😊

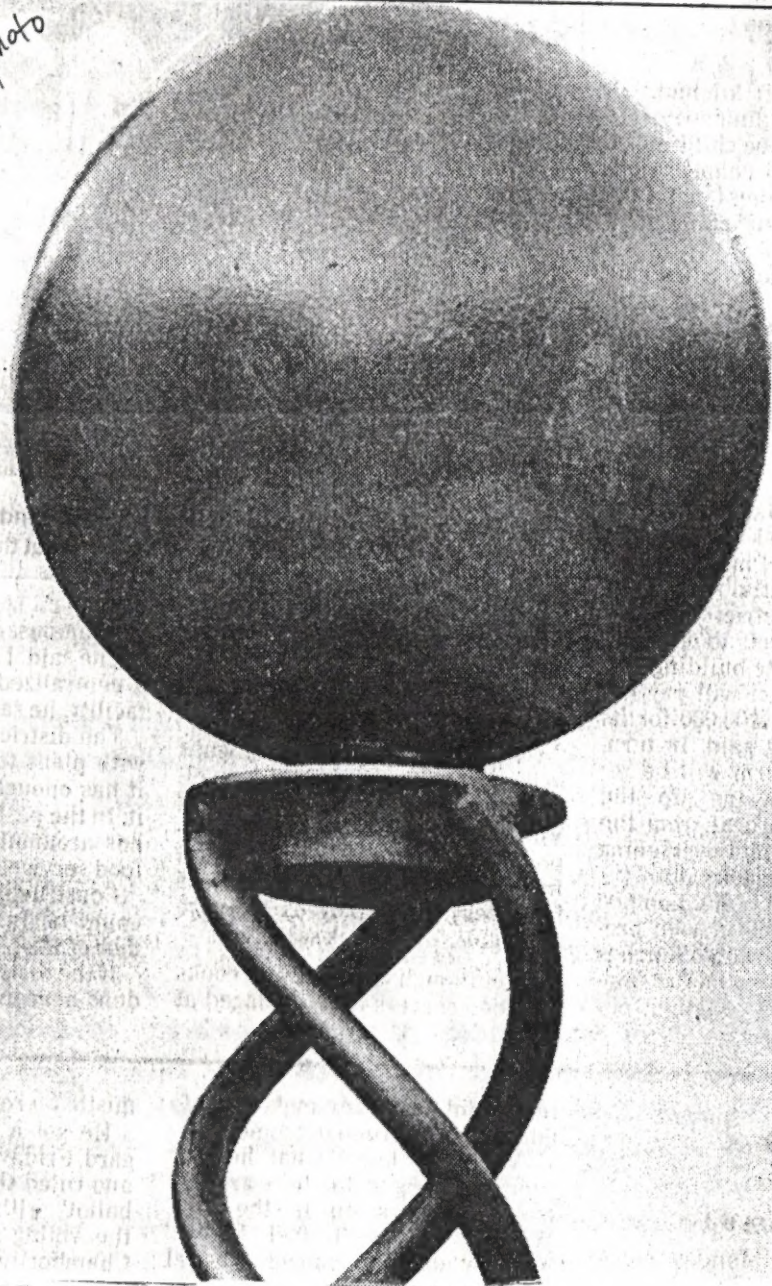
Connors said the ball was glued to a stainless steel decorative base, welded to a sheet of steel and stuck on the pedestal with industrial glue.

"They did a pretty good job. Somebody definitely thought it through," he said.

Santa Barbara News-Pi

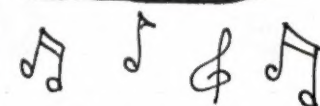
1993

News Press photo



EWOK BENEFIT
(Epicenter Women's
Outreach Coalition)
AT GILMAN ST.

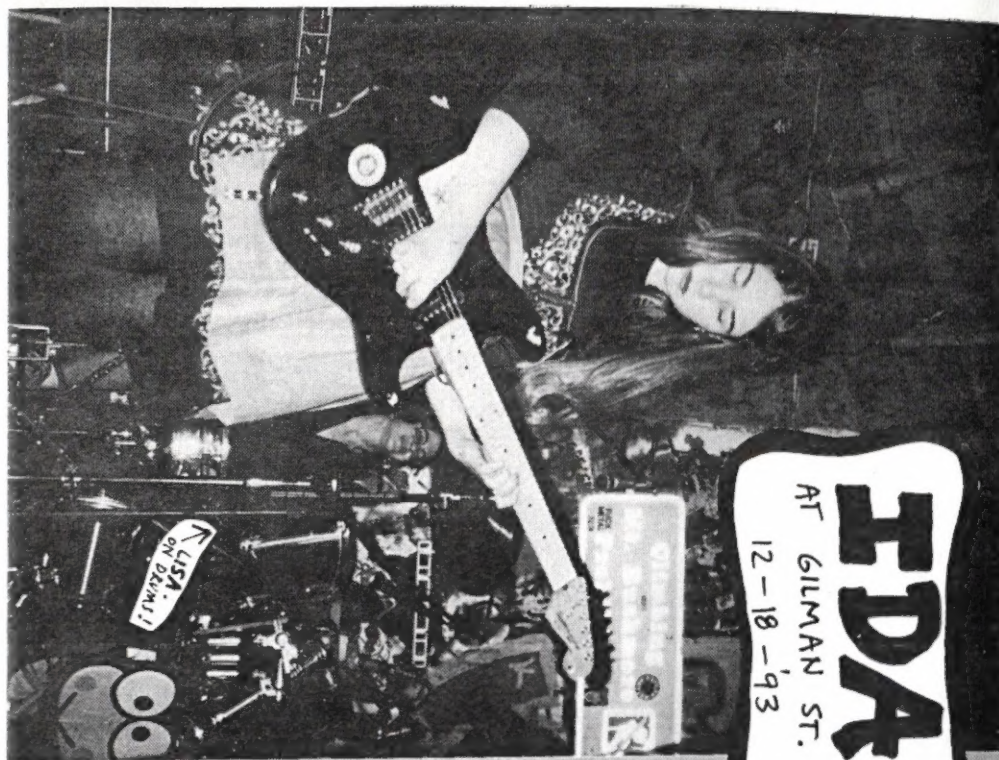
← Ed Asner & the
Little Bandits
Ovarian Trolley
FDA (on previous
page...)
& Pretty Face 12-18-93



NOFX
AT the OLD
ANACONDA
in '92

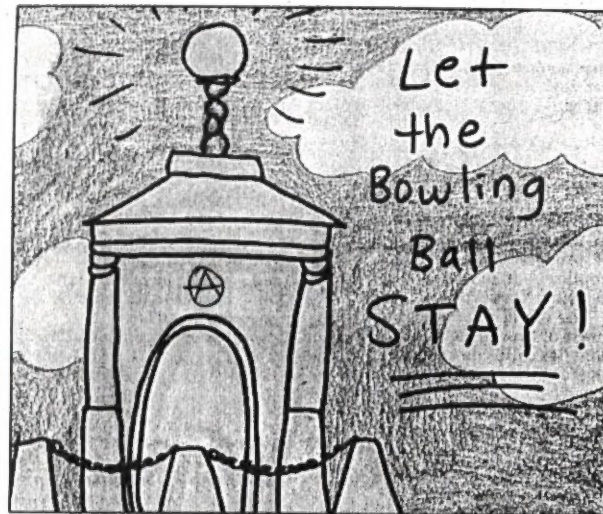
"And when they started doing rock videos, the medium turned visual-if your'e on a major label, you can't do a song unless you can think of a film to go with it, which is ridiculous, it's so ass-backwards. It's an advertisement for music that is no longer music."-
Richard Meltzer





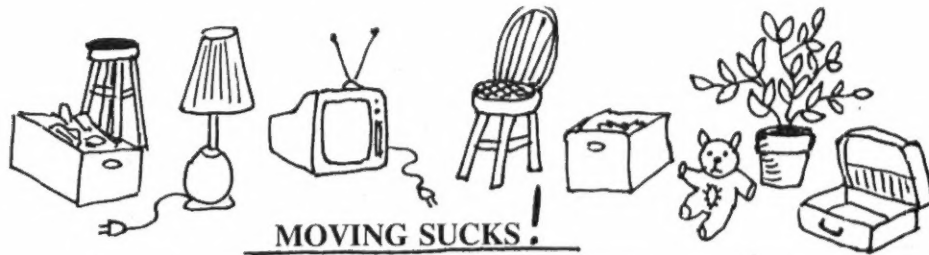
I thought it was great! There used to be this terrific statue of King Carlos III. Every day there were all sorts of characters hanging out there, homeless, punks, artists, musicians, or just weirdos, and every day the King Carlos statue was decorated and defiled in a new & creative way. He wore paper bags over his head, women's panties, various clothes & hats, toilet paper, ANYTHING! Every day somebody would decorate him with something new. It was always interesting, and usually funny. Well, the city decided that the plaza was an eyesore and needed remodeling. (The rich tourists didn't like it I guess.) So King Carlos III was taken away and the plaza was boarded up for quite a long time. Then we got this "new & improved" plaza with the big ugly fountain.

So far, people have been decorating the fountain too! First the bowling ball, then someone spraypainted an ~~A~~ on it. Then a foaming mix of stinking feces and bagels was found bubbling in the water of the fountain. Then soap bubbles. Who knows what'll be next... but let the pranks continue!! LONG LIVE Tomfoolery and playfulness!! (and campy art of course!)



Sheryl JHELF Life Santa Barbara wants the red bowling back as the crowning grace of our new fountain. "I always appreciate a well-thought out and enterprising prank... especially if it is aesthetically pleasing."

When the bowling ball was first discovered, the local newspaper asked people to write in with their opinions/ideas on what should top the fountain so I drew in crayons a sloppy tribute to the mystery pranksters who put the red bowling ball up. To my surprise, the paper printed my sloppy drawing! Waw. But nevertheless, the city removed the Bowling Ball. OH well, I tried. ☺



MOVING SUCKS!

"Home" means a lot to me. It's my sanctuary, my private place where I can retreat from the world, my castle. I've moved all over Southern California while growing up. I've lived in tons of places...but the Santa Rosa Ave. house was the best. We lived there for a long time, about 3 1/2 years. It was a run down shabby old dump that I loved. My room was very comfortable. I painted the window sills green and the closet too. The back of my door had all my favorite quotes written on it in thick black marker, just like Seymour's door in Salinger's "Franny and Zooey". My silly stuff adorned every foot of that room. It was truly my place. The roommates in that house were great too, like a family, sorta.

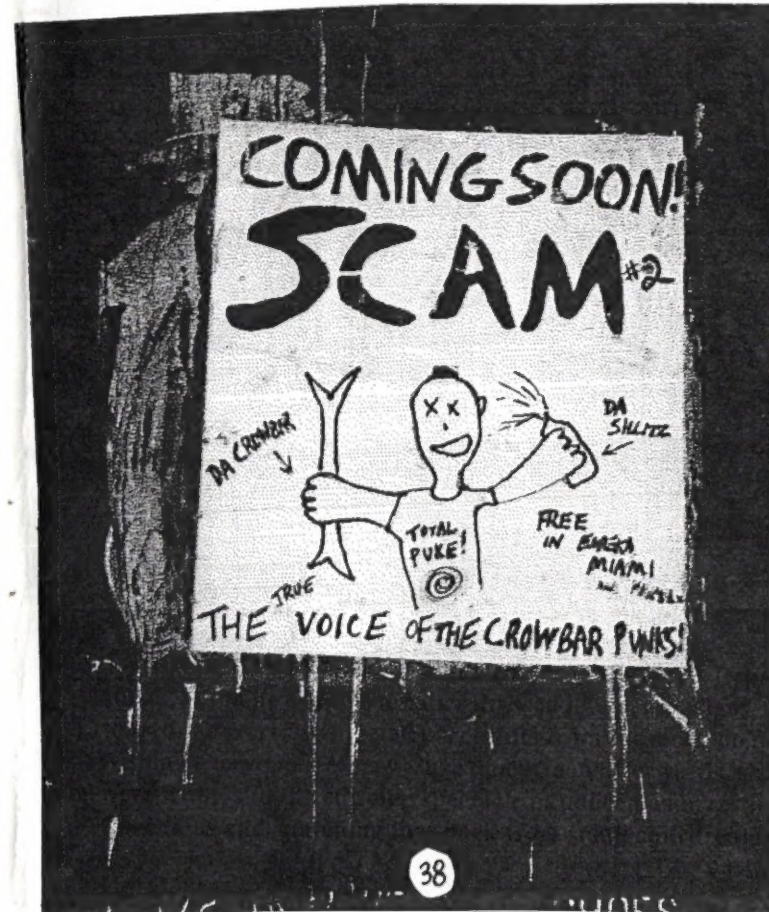
Our Christmas lights outside stayed up year-round, for at least 2 years. Our neighbors hated us. There were always dirty dishes in the sink, and bicycles in the living room. We got broken into a whole bunch of times, and they robbed us blind, but even that didn't ruin the all around comfort of the place. It was just plain comfy!

One day last May, I decided to build a giant treehouse in our big tree in the backyard. From up in that tree, the views were magnificent, you could see the ocean and the mountains. My brother came over and helped me. We got all this free scrap wood from the local lumber shops and we went to work on it. We had grand visions.

8 hours of hard sweaty work, ants and sap later, I came in from the backyard to check my mail. In the pile was a suspicious looking envelope addressed to Greg, (the "dad" of our house.) I picked it up and examined it. Strange, but somehow I just knew that it was an eviction notice. My heart sank. The house had sold and the new owners were to move in. There was nothing we could do. I was so unprepared, physically, financially, and emotionally, to move...yet we had no choice. The job was huge! It was like we had to dismantle the entire house. Amazing how much crap you can accumulate over the years! and it was so sad going through it all.

LONDON: The King Mob Group entered Selfridge's Department stores, with one of their number dressed like Santa Claus, who toured the store, giving away free gifts from the stock on display and wishing everyone a Merry Christmas. Soon afterwards, shoppers were witness to the edifying spectacle of policemen arresting Father Christmas and snatching toys back from small children! -IT.

I went up to Berkeley to stay for a very short visit, and during the trip I had the pleasure of catching a show at Gilman St. and meeting up with some very dear friends of mine. We were walking along the Railroad tracks behind Gilman St. and exploring. I saw a wooden coffin-shaped box with writing on it in thick black marker that said: "X = the band, not the letter" and "IGGY'S BOX". There was a familiar drawing of a punk guy on the box... hmmm... IGGY? IGGY SCAM from FLORIDA?



A few hours later, I saw this poster glued onto the side of a box car. Sure enough! It was the infamous IGGY SCAM alright!! ☺ The guy who wrote SCAM zine = total puke, that made me piss in my pants LAUGHING!

It's a SMALL WORLD AIN'T IT??

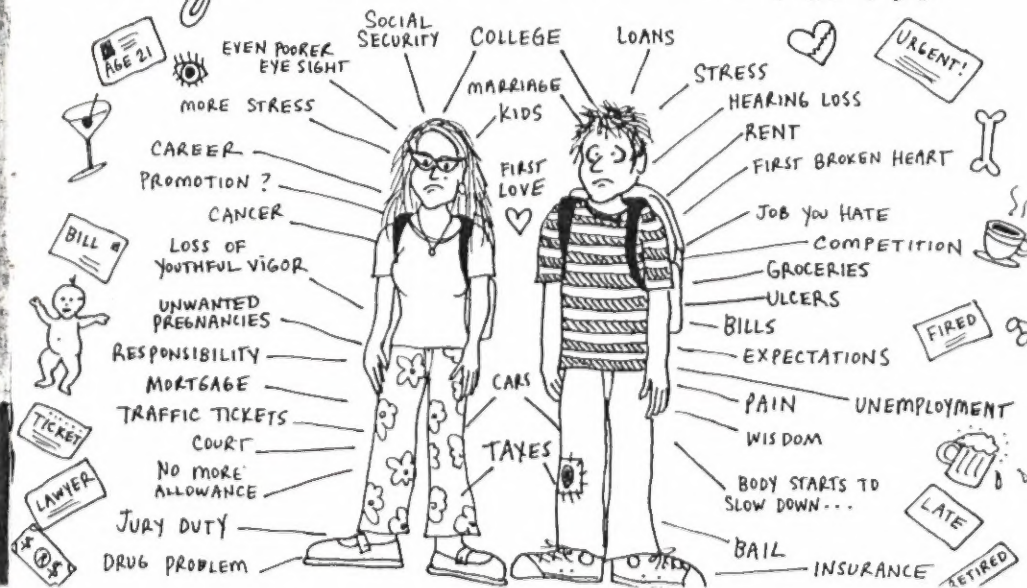
Peeping Tom !!!

It happened in my old house one night a long time ago. It was late, and we were coming home from work to relax with a bottle of red wine. Ted was in the bathroom, and I was walking into my room, when I felt a strange feeling...eyes upon me. (!) I glanced straight up to my bedroom window, and through the rungs of the blinds, I saw a guy's face smashed up against my window!!! I screamed instantaneously, at the top of my lungs, surprising even myself with my reaction. The glass in my hand went flying. We grabbed a flashlight and the closest weapon-type thingy we could find, which was one of my roommate's golf clubs. We ran outside to catch the guy, but he was GONE. (So many such episodes with intruders happened at the old house, we got ripped off so many times. I wonder if it was the same person?) This was the only time we actually SAW anyone...and it was pretty damned SCARY to look right back into strange eyes peering in at you in your own bedroom!!! So we went back into the house and locked all the doors. Ted went to sleep, but I stayed up late, drinking red wine, reading Absolutely Zippo, and getting all nostalgic and mushy about an article Larry Livermore wrote about the Push Ups, a band that is no more.

After that, I bopped around quite a bit, doing a "couch tour" for awhile and then moving into various other places and neighborhoods that were not happy or comfy at all. For 2 months I had my own apartment downtown in the white-trashiest most crazy hell heap! The rent was crazy expensive and I had to constantly battle the army of cockroaches. There was a most offensive stench that used to waft up to my apartment every day from below, something unidentifiable, that I had never smelled before. It was foul and it made me wonder if the downstairs neighbors were concealing a corpse or two. Now I have a room in a nice house back up on the Mesa in sorta the same area as the Santa Rosa house. It's cozy enough, but it lacks the character that the old house had. It's not a dump. Moving to me, at least that one time, was a nightmare. Nothing seemed the same afterward. My world had changed. I was uprooted again. Arrrgghhh.

Sometimes, when I'm in the neighborhood, I drive by the old house just to look at it. The new owners have really "fixed" it up... ah hell, there's grass where the dirt used to be. There are shades on the windows. The neighbors must be relieved, they probably sent out the welcome wagon! heh heh, oh well.

And you thought High School was bad...



Santa Barbara Street Characters.

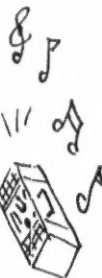
Every city has it's street characters, and Santa Barbara is no exception. I've seen lots of em come and go and they add that little bit of color to the town. Some of them have gone now, and I'll really miss seeing them around town, like the guy who used to rollerblade around in the pink tights and tutu. He was amazing! He used to stop traffic doing pirouettes and fancy ballet moves. He was really into it and he was really pretty good too. The funny thing of it was, he was this rather large masculine looking guy with long blonde hair. It was quite a sight. Does anybody know what happened to him?



Then there was the wide-eyed old alcoholic who once stopped me as I was leaving Espresso Roma, (he was a fixture in the old De La Guerra plaza) "Hey! Can you spare some change? I'm not gonna shit you...I need a JUG!!!" I gave him a whole dollar and his face lit up. "Miss, you can have the first pull!", he said. I heard later that he had died in the streets from alcoholism. I heard also that he was only something like 35 years old! Shit, he looked about 70.



Then there is "Rock-n-Roll". I would always see this guy around town with a giant boom box on his shoulder, tuned in to our shitty local rock station KTYD, blaring. He was kinda scruffy and he wore big sunglasses. He was always smiling and when he'd see you, he would jerk and point and snap his fingers and shout "ROCK-n-ROLL!!!" He's still around. I saw him recently after a long absence, but he doesn't carry his boom box around anymore. Wonder what happened to it?



We also have street musicians like Mason B. Mason, who always plays his guitar and sings down by the Fiesta Five theater on State st. Then there's the bagpipe man. He just showed up one day and started playing his bagpipes. The sounds of him playing "Amazing Grace" can be heard resonating throughout downtown! It's great. Bagpipes are just rad anyway.



Then there's "Al", who comes to the Palace every night for his nightly share of muffins. He's got every restaurant in town mapped out and whipped, he eats better than any

The enemy has a fortress. It is a citadel of shallow commerce built with suspended steel and molded concrete. It is wrapped in neon lights, reflecting glass, and buffered from the outside world by miles of square asphalt, white lines, and phosphorescent lights. The shopping mall looms...not poised to stike, but nonetheless poised to kill, slowly. It sits patiently, confidently, knowing that they -the consumers- will come weaponless, as addicts, victims, or suckers...whatever you want to call them. The Beverly Center, the Century City Plaza, the West Side Pavillion...these exist so that people will be incomplete. They are the ideology of consumer culture laid bare, writ large in it's most precise terms. They come from a culture that says "Consume because you cannot create. Buy, because it is your duty. Spend, because there is nothing else."

We will have our own fortresses. We will take to the trees, like Italo Calvino's Baron. It is fitting that treehouses are usually built by kids...because kids still have the instinct, the will to live. They know how to climb, how to hide, how to fight, how to build, how to leap from branch to branch, how to venture higher. They know how to let their creativity run around wild and give people flat tires. We will follow them to the best trees, and with them, launch the first water balloons.

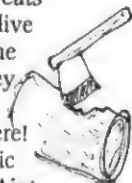
In the trees we will leave them behind. We will build what we live on...we won't buy it from someone else or pay someone to make it. We will let them keep their Broadways, their B. Dalton Booksellers and their Nordstrom's. We will throw rocks at Mr. Graves as he picks at the dog bones of his death culture. We will get scrapes and bruises and cuts. Sap will fall on our arms, unnoticed. But we will draw, and we will write songs, and we will make up new codes and languages. We will smoke corncob pipes and talk with the birds. We will steal kisses, and send knowing looks, and we will begin again...

WRITTEN
BY JAY
BARBROCK

"Childhood perhaps comes closest to the 'real life' ". -Andre Breton

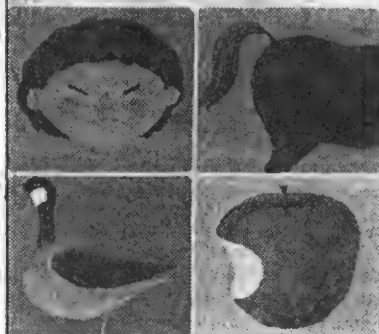
And now for something different...

The best thing to come along since Trick or Treating, is Ghoul Brynner. They are a local band that doesn't play all that often, but if you get the chance to catch 'em...by all means, DO IT! They are comprised by some of the guys that work at Sound Advice in Santa Barbara. I guess the best way to describe their music is "spook-a-billy", sort of a cross between the Stray Cats and the MUNSTERS. But the real amazing thing about this band is their live shows. They have a huge bass cello, an old fashioned electric chair on the stage, along with other creepy props, and midway through the show, they have been known to whip out a chainsaw, chase a "victim" around the room, and saw into his belly, with entrails and guts flying out everywhere! They also hack on a log, drill into pumpkins and squashes with an electric drill, But that's not even the best of it... they do covers of Van Halen's "Aint talkin' bout love", the Munsters theme and others. I love this band with the flaming intensity of a thousand suns!!!!



EVERYONE POOPS

By Taro Gomi



DOWN in The Dumps

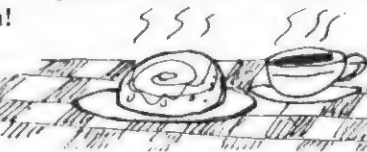
My favorite book as of late, is a children's book actually, it's called EVERYONE POOPS! (Kane/Miller, \$11.95) It is a book for children who are potty training, but I loved it! It has pictures of just about every kind of animal, including us humans, in the act of taking a crump!!! How splendid! And it goes so far as to show the different sizes and shapes of the doody too!



More travel bits...

If your'e ever in Albuquerque, New Mexico, make sure you stop at the FRONTIER restaurant. It's like stepping back into time, you can get good hot food at 1950's prices, and it's a cool place to kick back. Lots o' folks just hanging out. Three huge rooms, with lots of booths to sit in. Plus, for 15 cents, you can get a Frontier restaurant post card with a picture of a plastic cinnamon roll & a cup of java on a red & white tablecloth!

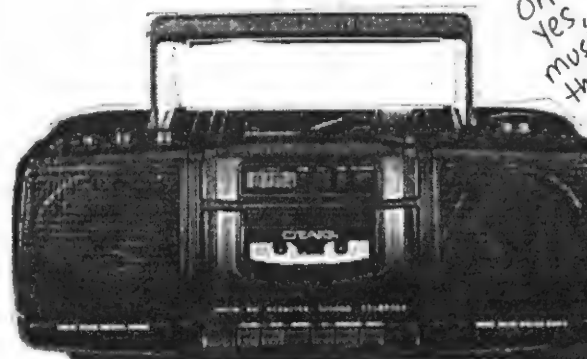
2400 CENTRAL, SE
ACROSS from UNM.
ALBUQUERQUE, NM.



homeless man anywhere! He comes to the door and says "hello", just to make his presence known, then he goes back outside and waits patiently for one of the workers to come out with his bag of muffins. It's automatic, he doesn't even need to ask. Every time I give him muffins, he nods nervously and says "Nice earrings..." to me. Every time! When I'm not wearing any, he gets flustered and walks away!!!

Then there is the towel man, who not only wears towels, but keeps with him at all times, a neat and nicely folded pile of towels. I don't know what his story is. I heard a story of how he used to be a doctor or something, but I don't know how valid that is. One thing's for sure, he is always very clean looking, never dirty.

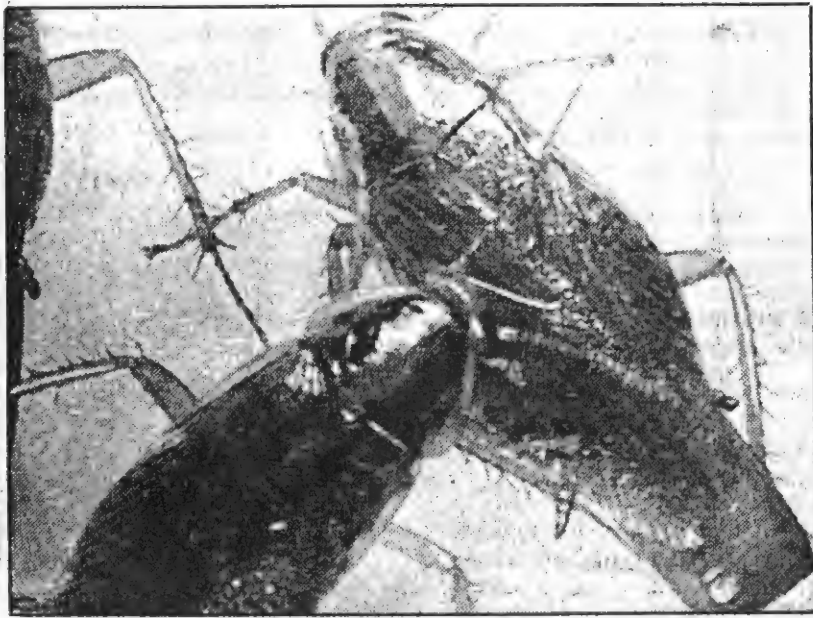
Some people are more creative than others, and the "Bike contraption guy" is one of those. He has this remarkable vehicle, as large as a small truck, all constructed on a foundation of bicycles bound together. There's a huge basket chair hanging in the middle, rags and cushions and palm fronds and such. It looks like some medieval carriage that a frog prince would ride in. It's wonderful! I like seeing all these characters with their versions of expression. It gives me a sense of community, somehow, makes me feel at home, like the town is a little bit smaller.



Oh yes, I mustn't forget the man who always wore a gas mask. Haven't seen him around lately...



ROCKNROLL



THINGS THAT BUG ME.

At school the other day, I saw a girl wearing a t-shirt that read "silly faggot, dicks are for chicks!". I was really appalled. First of all, she was insulting herself with the derogatory "chicks", and secondly, the pure unabashed cruelty and stupidity of the statement made me feel sick to my stomach. She must've thought it was funny. I have a very broad and encompassing sense of humor, I think everything is funny, but it didn't make me laugh. It stuck with me all day, and the more I thought about it, it just made me feel sorry for her.

During that same day, the message-power of t-shirts struck me again when I saw a black man wearing a shirt that said "Black By Popular Demand". It struck me that if a white guy were to wear that same shirt but it said "White By Popular Demand", that person would instantly be considered a racist, and would probably get the shit kicked out of him before he walked 2 blocks! Just an observation, or a thought, rather, not an argument for white or black, (or purple, green or blue). Granted, white people have etched out a horrible history of oppression and bigotry and cruelty, but if we stopped categorizing and labeling everyone, maybe this would start to change? Why are we so separate? I like the shirt better that says "Love Sees No Color". In the end, all blood runs red. That may sound cliché, like pop-culture propaganda, but it's not. At least I don't mean it that way. We're all human. Are we really so different?

& **Anarchy**
Under The
Sea...
Friday, Dec. 10 1993

THIS WAS
A VERY
FUN

"CROSS-
DRESSING"
SHOW.

BOYS IN
DRESSES,
GIRLS IN
SUITS & TIES
WITH HATS
& PAINTED-
ON GOATEES.
WE PLAYED
BASKETBALL
IN BETWEEN
BANDS.

FUNNY TO
SEE GUYS
DRIBBLING
IN
DRESSES!
THE WALL
DECORATIONS
& THE
TWISTER
GAME
WERE
WONDERFUL.
PLUS FREE
FOOD TOO!



was at the BOY'S CLUB
in Goleta... with:
the
*Voo Doo GLOW SKULLS
* CRACK
* JEBERREKENEIE
and the
* Pig fuckers



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"It is a mark of intelligence, no matter what you are doing, to have a good time doing it."



SILLY SILLY KIDS!

↑ e r e z e k r e b e t

is pronounced:
"Hay-Bray-
Ken-yay-
yay".


It is an original language that the band made up!! The name of the band is the name of the language.

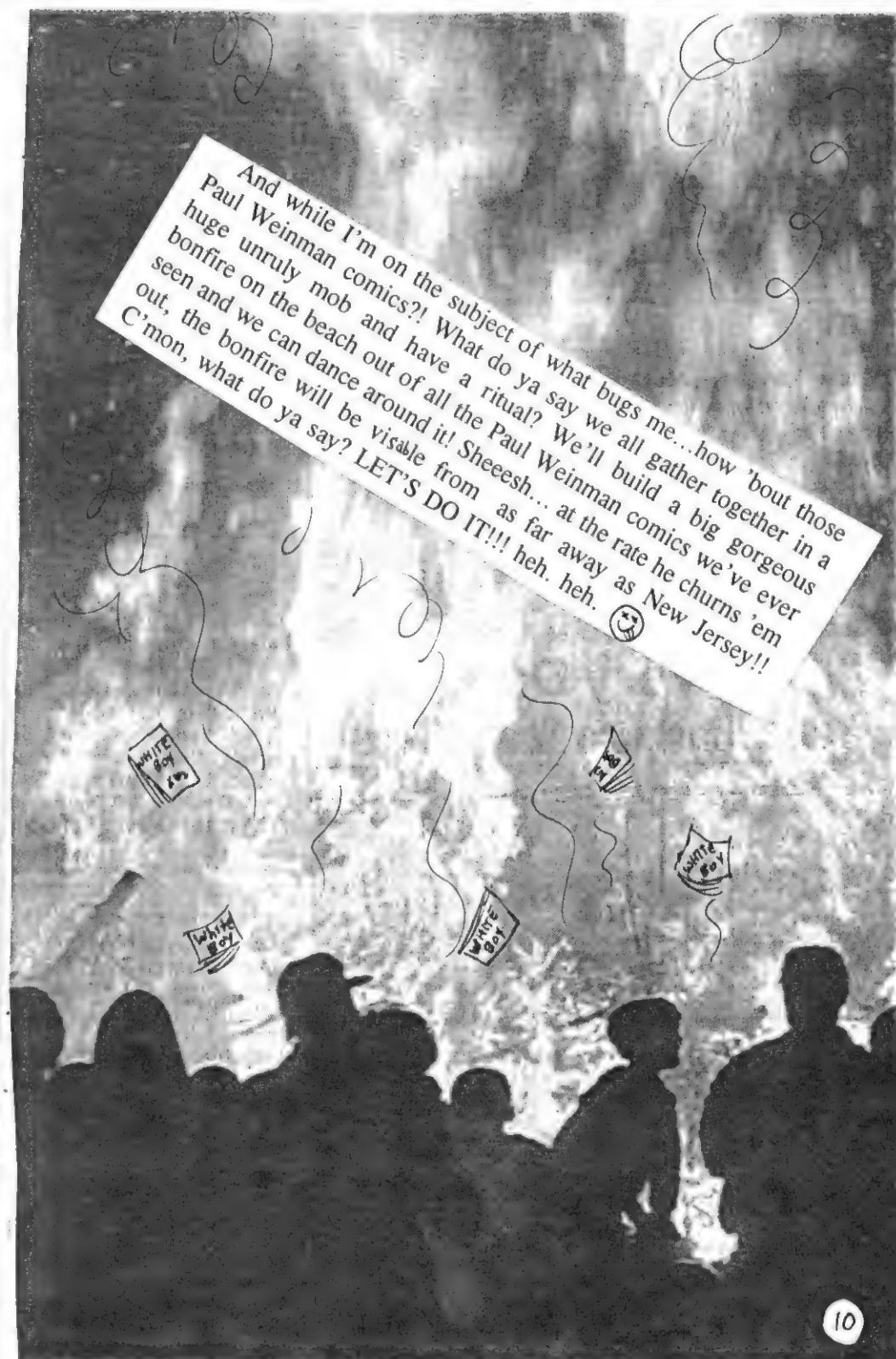


There was much music...

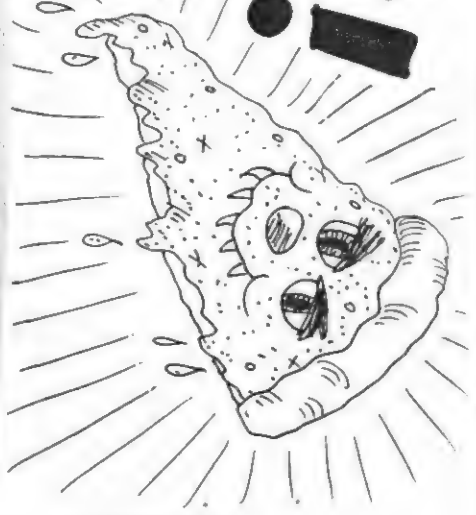
much
dancing...
...ness...

Much silliness
AND A
GIGANTIC
TWISTER GAME!

And while I'm on the subject of what bugs me...how 'bout those Paul Weinman comics?! What do ya say we all gather together in a huge unruly mob and have a ritual? We'll build a big gorgeous bonfire on the beach out of all the Paul Weinman comics we've ever seen and we can dance around it! Sheeesh... at the rate he churns 'em out, the bonfire will be visable from as far away as New Jersey!! C'mon, what do ya say? LET'S DO IT!!! heh. heh. 



THICK! SLICE!



Local band.
(OLD style
kinda...) they
is a Rippin

Sound like
they should
be on

FAT WRECKORDS

They have an
awesome demo
tape, & we're
waiting for
more! ☺

THICK SLICE ↓ ITS:

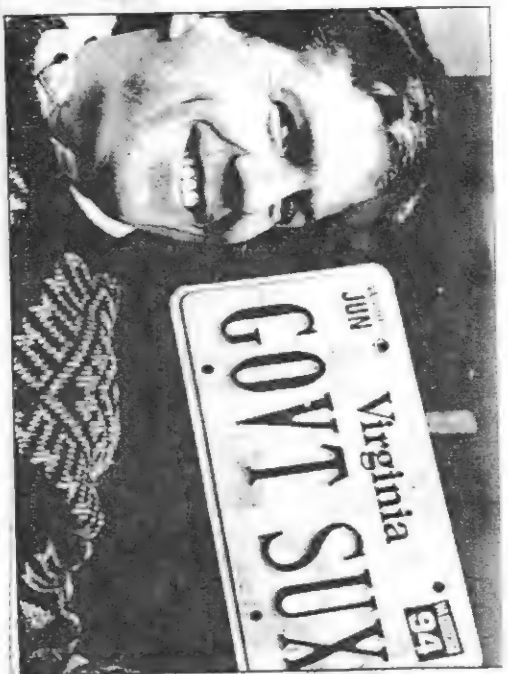
CLARK
BARETT = vocals

DAMIAN
CLARKE = guitar

ANDY
LAWRENCE = drums

JEREMY
"The Negavator"

BAKTEL
= BASS



Vanity
plate

After Virginia
canceled Mark
Steckbeck's il-
l-cense plate, he
filed suit charg-
ing the state vio-
lated his right to
free speech.

"A society gets all the criminals it deserves." - Emma Goldman

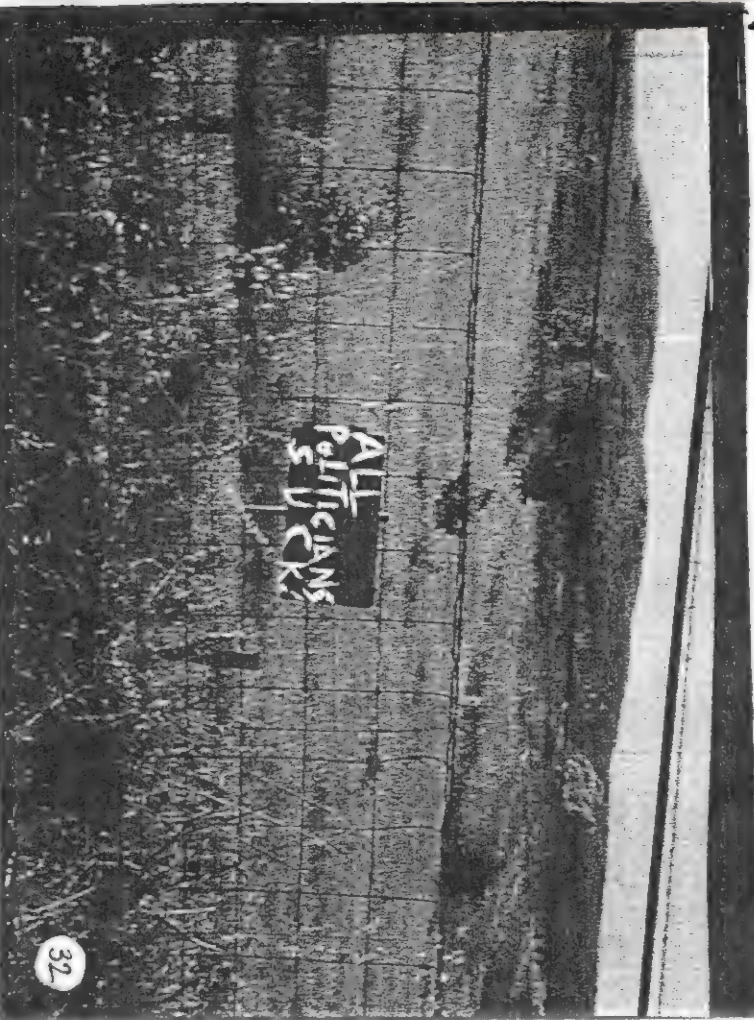
'Life is either a daring
adventure or it is
nothing.'

HELEN KELLER

"The more corrupt the government,
the greater the number of laws."

-Tacitus.

One of a few handpainted signs along the highway in SAN OBISPO

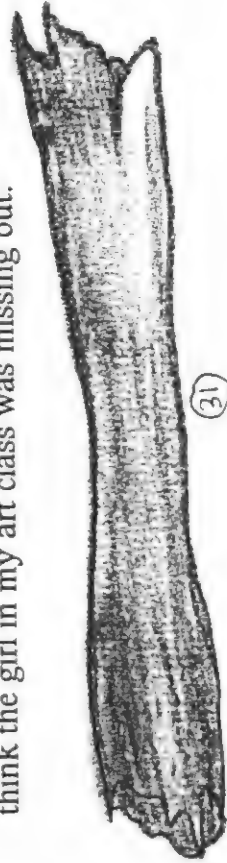


'Dem Bones

In my art class at City College, we had this assignment. the teacher handed out paper bags with objects of various sizes in them. The objects were bones. We were instructed to feel the objects in the bags and draw from what we felt. It was an interesting assignment. At first I thought my object was a shell. The girl sitting next to me was freaking out when she realized the thing in her bag was a bone. "OOOOH! Ooooooh! This is SO GROSSSS! This is SO disgusting!!!" When she heard me say that I thought I had a shell, she asked me if I would trade bags with her, and I said "sure", because I don't mind bones. I like bones! Bones are the framework of our bodies, they enable us to do all the things we do! What we would we be like without them? We'd be all blobby, like jello, like useless forms of mass. Bones are useful. They have been used for centuries as tools, jewelry, weapons , and art. They teach us things about ourselves and how we work. Besides, I like to wear them in my hair.

Have you ever been walking along and come across the skeleton of a dead animal or bird? It's fascinating! You can almost always tell what type of animal it was by the bones. I know someone who was walking on Hendry's Beach, and came across the carcass of a magnificent big seal. He saw a terrific huge bone sticking out the side. He pulled on it, but it was attached pretty securely. With all his might, he siezed the bone and pulled it out of the seal to clean and take home as a memory, much to the disgust of all the people eating their lunch at the Brown Pelican restaurant.

Have'nt you ever made a wish on a wishbone? I think the girl in my art class was missing out.



THICK
Slice

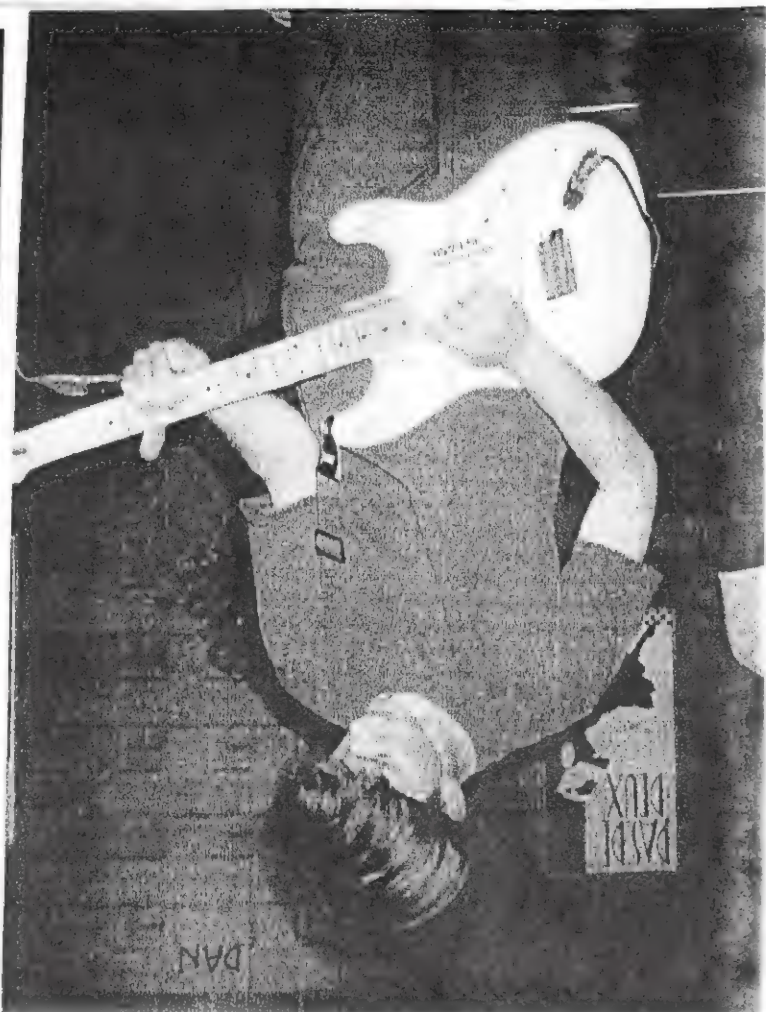
Support local Bands!



10 THINGS TO DO FOR FREE IN S.B.

Well, in a small town such as this, just what is there to do for free? The electric trolley on State st. used to be free, but now they're charging a quarter (just to keep the homeless off). This got me to thinking. So here are some of the things I came up with.

1. Visit the Museum of Art, on State and Anapamu streets. It's free on thursdays and the first Sunday of every month.
2. Go to the library. You can escape to virtually anywhere (vicariously) through a book. The library also has movies you can check out for free, and many comfortable spots to sit. Across from the library is the Faulkner Gallery, (also free) where there is always an interesting art display, usually of local artists or schools.
3. Hang out at the county courthouse. You can roam around the huge halls, find empty rooms to explore, and hide in the huge velvet curtains! Have a picnic on the grass in the huge yard, or go up to the top of the tower, where there's a panoramic view of the city in all directions.
4. Walk on the Wilcox property. This is one of my most cherished favorite places, and it might not be free to walk on much longer if dirt-bag Willy Chamberlain & his band of \$-hungry developers get their way! Although there is much opposition, soon it may be gated up, locked, plowed down and paved for a luxury retirement community! If you see any bull dozers or construction equipment...sabotage it on the spot! If we can't stop them, we can at least DELAY them.
5. Go to the best park in Santa Barbara...Alice Keck Park, located between Garden & Santa Barbara streets/ Mitcheltorena & Arrellaga streets. Smell the flowers, watch the turtles, feed the fish & relax. Or just lay on the grass & find pictures in the clouds. Across the street from Alice Keck Park is the newly built "Kid's World", a massive playground to play on.
6. Go past the Conley House on Anacapa st. (1800 block, I think...look to your left). It's owned by this loony rich couple who are quite whacked. There's always something weird in their front yard on any given day, but if it's a holiday...watchout! There is a 15ft. pine statue of Saint Barbara, marble covering the entire front of the house, and a crane in the front yard! Supposedly the Conleys eat their dinners up there on this crane. At Christmas time, the place was causing accidents and traffic jams on Anacapa st., it was so decked out. Mr. Conley dressed up like Santa and put reindeer in



front of a limo in his front yard, and he passed out candy through the iron gates of the fence! I noticed this strange house a long time ago, and I thought it was weird then, but the News Press ran a couple of articles about them recently, and since then the Conleys have tossed all moderation to the wind, and jumped right onto the weird wagon!

7. Feed the geese at the Bird Refuge down by East Beach. If you're lucky, they will chase you. This can provide hours of hysterical riotous fun!

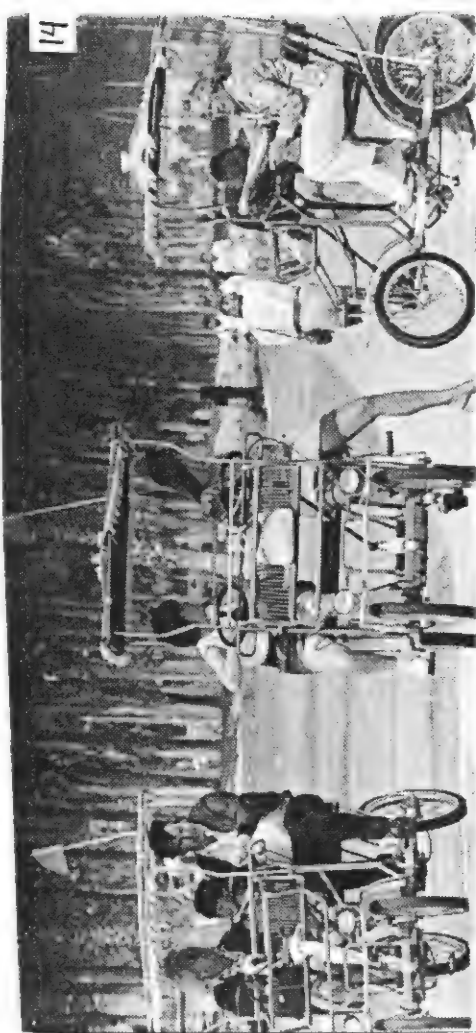
8. The Santa Barbara Botanical Gardens are free on Tuesdays & Wednesdays. Go on a hike.

9. On Tuesday afternoons, the Farmer's Market on lower State st. has free samples if you're hungry. There's always street performers there too. Organic produce is good for you, especially when it is free and given with a smile. Ask for damaged fruits & vegetables that they cannot sell.

10. Every Sunday on Cabrillo Blvd. down by the Red Lion, there's always a big circle of people drumming. I don't know why or how this started, but it's pretty elaborate now, with all kinds of weird drum people joining in and bringing all kinds of crazy drums there. If you don't have an instrument, grab something and bang on it! Or just watch. It's pretty repetitive, though, just a primal urge I guess, but it's fun to check out at least once. Plus you'll probably see some of the street characters (like the bike-man) I mentioned earlier there.

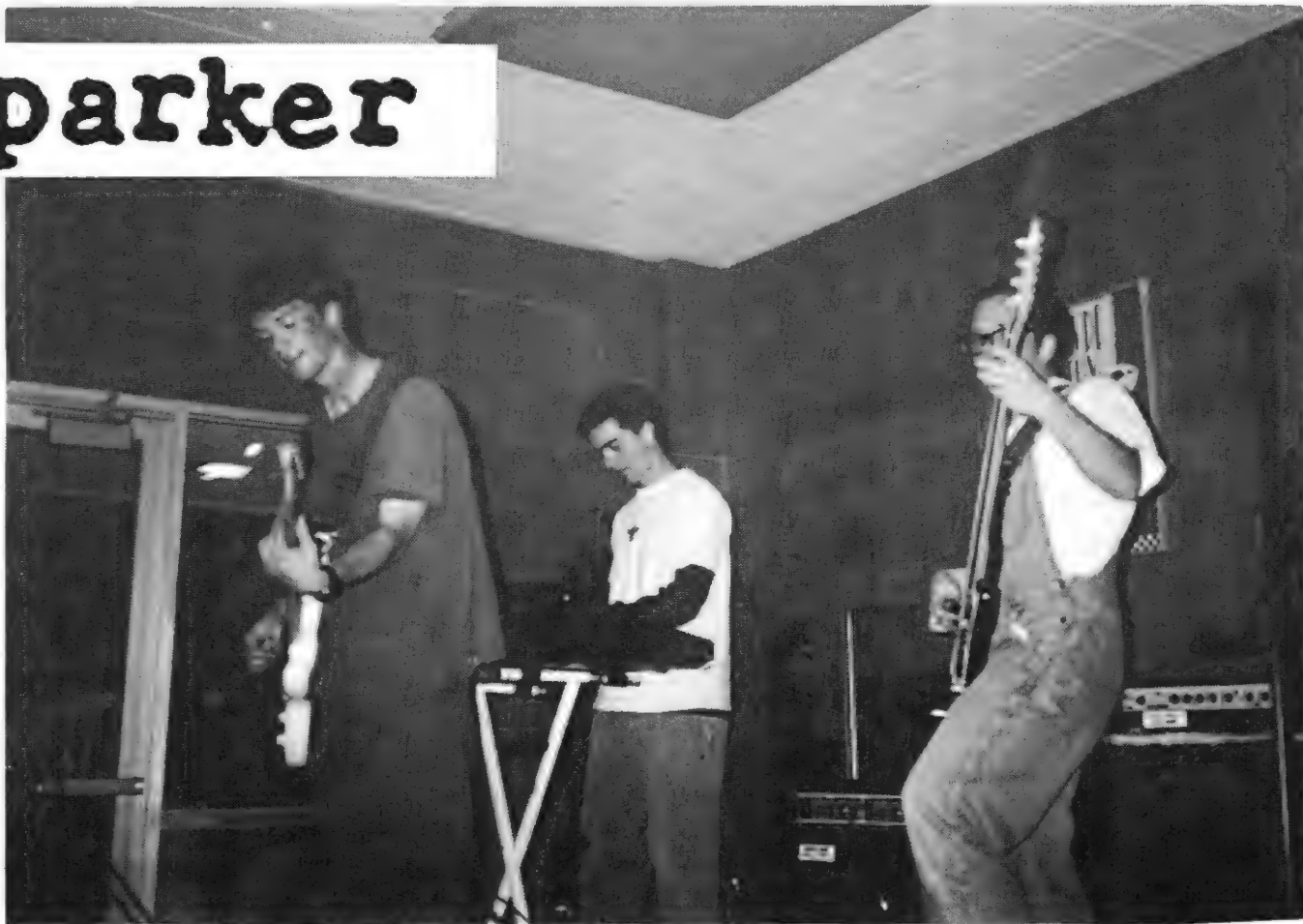
Granted, all of those 10 things aren't absolutely thrilling or completely entertaining in and of themselves, and maybe none of them at all will appeal to you, but they are ALL free.

BONUS ACTIVITY: run over these annoying four-wheeled tourist bikes and cause chaos.



sparker

AT THE
"ANNEX"
@ UCSB
JAN '94.
L-R
DAN
JESSE
HAL-Z

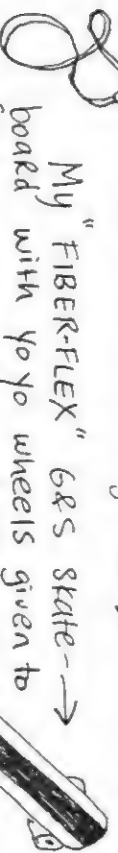


Presents are wonderful. Almost more fun to give than they are to get. We all should find presents for each other every day for no Reason... You don't need a Reason other than "love" to give something to somebody. Once my friend ERIC went to the store and returned home with Big Dill pickles for everyone in the house as presents! Here are some of the...

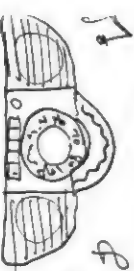
Best Presents I have Received:



← A Bouquet of Red Plastic Roses that light up when you plug 'em in, from John, when he used to work in a thrift shop in Goleta. They are so lovely! ☺ B



My "FIBER-FLEX" G&S state-board with yo-yo wheels given to me from my little brother Dave. A collector's item ~ and a memory from the past of my first fiberflex skateboard.



← A Red & white boom box shaped like the dash of an old automobile from Ted for my birthday. It's wonderful! And it has a tape deck too. When people see it, they freak and want to buy it from me.



← A little iron replica of my car from my friend Cherie. The wheels turn, the doors open, and it's white like my car too - with a black top. Too Bad the miniature is in better shape than my real car!!! ☺

grab your BEST SMOKING JACKET... AND MEET ME AT THE LION'S CLUB FOR THE... White Trash Trailer Park Tour of Palm Springs!

I have this idea that I really want to carry out. I want to gather up a bunch of people who will go in on renting a big old motorhome for the weekend for a "white trash trailer park tour of Palm Springs". There is a Cruise America outlet right here in Santa Barbara that rents them out! We could get a whole bunch of really campy get ups from the local thrift shops, things like halter tops & tube tops, big sunglasses, bermuda shorts, clashing plaids & Hawaiian prints, golf shoes and gold & silver lamme evening wear... the cheesiest we can find! We'll stock the motorhome with things like Tang, Twinkies, Ding-dongs, finger sandwiches, fondue kits, Tupperware, Spam and Burgie beer. We'll change our names for the weekend, to things like Verna, Al, Mel, Harriet or Madge. We'll listen to Dean Martin, Mel Torme, Elvis Presley, Wayne Newton and Sammy Davis Jr. When we get there, we can sneak into the pool areas of posh Palm Springs hotels and order martinis by the pool, and have them "bill our room." At night, we'll go, of course, to a lounge and dance the cha cha or the mambo. There will have to be live entertainment there, though, and there must also be a tiki motif. We'll all sleep in the motorhome at night, and if enough people go, the costs will be minimal. I really want to do this! It's "Americana" at it's finest.

TRAVEL SERVICE

RENT

TRAILERS



Model 1500

CAMPERS



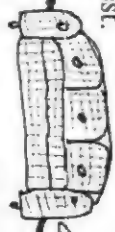
Model 1240



Model 1700



Model 1460

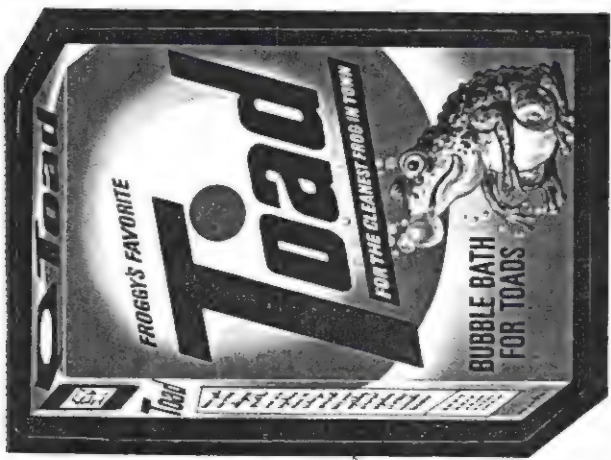


Lounge!



Office Trailer

Family Sleeping, Dining, Cooking Facilities Enroute
2 LIGHT SYSTEMS — 2 WATER SYSTEMS
Over 500 Rental Dealers



No. 170 of 198

DOES ANYBODY Remember
WACKY PACKAGES?
 I collected them when I
 was a kid. They are so **RAP**!
 If you have any, or know where
 I can get them... write to me.
 ☺ Thanks. ☺



* © TOPPS CHEWING GUM, INC. PRD. IN U.S.A.



← A kiss on the cheek and a
 \$20.00 tip from Brian Setzer of
 the Stray Cats when he came into the
 restaurant where I work & I waited on
 him! He was so sweet & kind. At the end
 of his meal, I gave him a free desert on a
 huge white platter with a "stray cat" drawn on it
 in chocolate. He was so stoked!!! So he charmed
 my socks off! I had always liked the Stray Cats,
 but meeting Brian Setzer and seeing how unbeliev-
 ably nice & lovely he was ... well, I really like
 the Stray Cats even better now! coz I know they're
NICE!

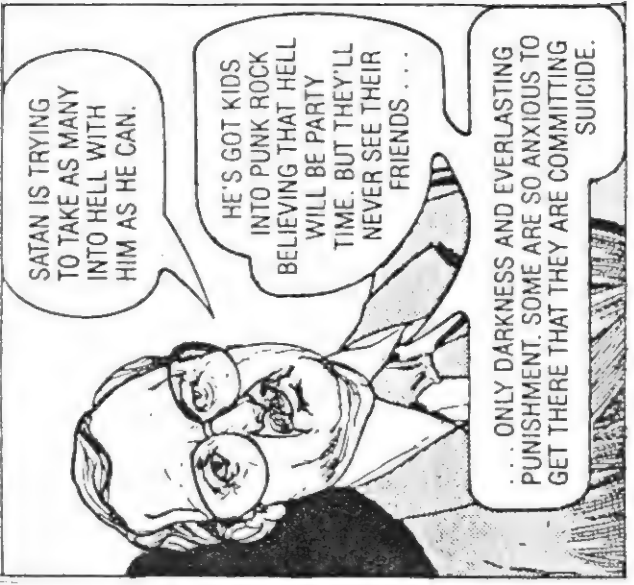


← A fabulous book of pictures & poems
 & quotes about life, love & people from
 Angela. She gave it to me under the
 stipulation that I must, at one point,
 (whether it's tomorrow or when I'm 78 yrs. old...)

give it a lot of thought, and then give it away
 to someone who is very special to me. So I'm
 embellishing it... I'm adding photos, drawings & stuff
 to the pages until I figure out who deserves it
 most & then I will
 give it to them under
 the same circumstances.

STICKERS make
 terrific presents!
 John Gerken gave
 me this one. (ha.ha!)
 So I made Shelf-
 Life stickers as
 presents for anyone
 who's reading this
 zine.

GIVE SOMETHING
 AWAY TODAY!



NEW ORLEANS

New Orleans is probably my favorite city, or at least the most unique of all the places I've travelled to so far. There's just no place like it. I work at a Cajun/Creole restaurant here in Santa Barbara, and last Spring, they took us all there (I shit you not...) for a glorious all-expenses paid trip! We went for four days. We stayed in a big-ass plush hotel right smack in the middle of the French Quarter. It was amazing. I've been to Louisiana twice now, both times with the restaurant crew.

The French Quarter is where all the action is. When you arrive, your olfactory is instantly greeted by a wonderful array of aromas, from garbage to foods to a misty-musty kind of smell. All combined, it makes you feel as though you've stepped back in time somehow. The quarter is also pretty touristy in spots, but if you can get past that to do some real exploring, you can find just about anything under the sky there! If you like alcohol and you've got some cash, you can drink yourself sloppy in the many seedy & colorful dive-bars. (Check out "the Dungeon" & Kragen's, I think that's the name...a bar with punk on the jukebox and Shelf Life graffiti in the wimmen's room.) A plus: when you leave a bar, you can take your drink with you if it's in a plastic cup. Yee Hawww!

There are plenty of street characters in the French Quarter, you'll see mimes, clowns, musicians, pimps, hustlers, and even a Jesus guy with an 8 ft. cross & one of those electric signs on it with the rolling red dot sentences, trying to save the wicked. wow. Beware of the rip-off artists too. I watched them take lots of money from the naive, "Hey! I'll bet you I can tell you where you got your shoes!" Card tricks, quick change artists, walnut shuffle games, grifters...the works!

There's stupid t-shirt souvenir shops everywhere on

- To give people a chance.
- That I loved my Grandma alot more than I ever realized.
- That old people have alot to teach young people, and vice versa.

- That I still have a hellla lot to learn.
- That everything we've said has been said before.
- That you should keep your promises no matter what.
- That throwing rocks at windows of old abandoned buildings is FUN.
- How to say "My penis is the penis of fire." in Spanish.



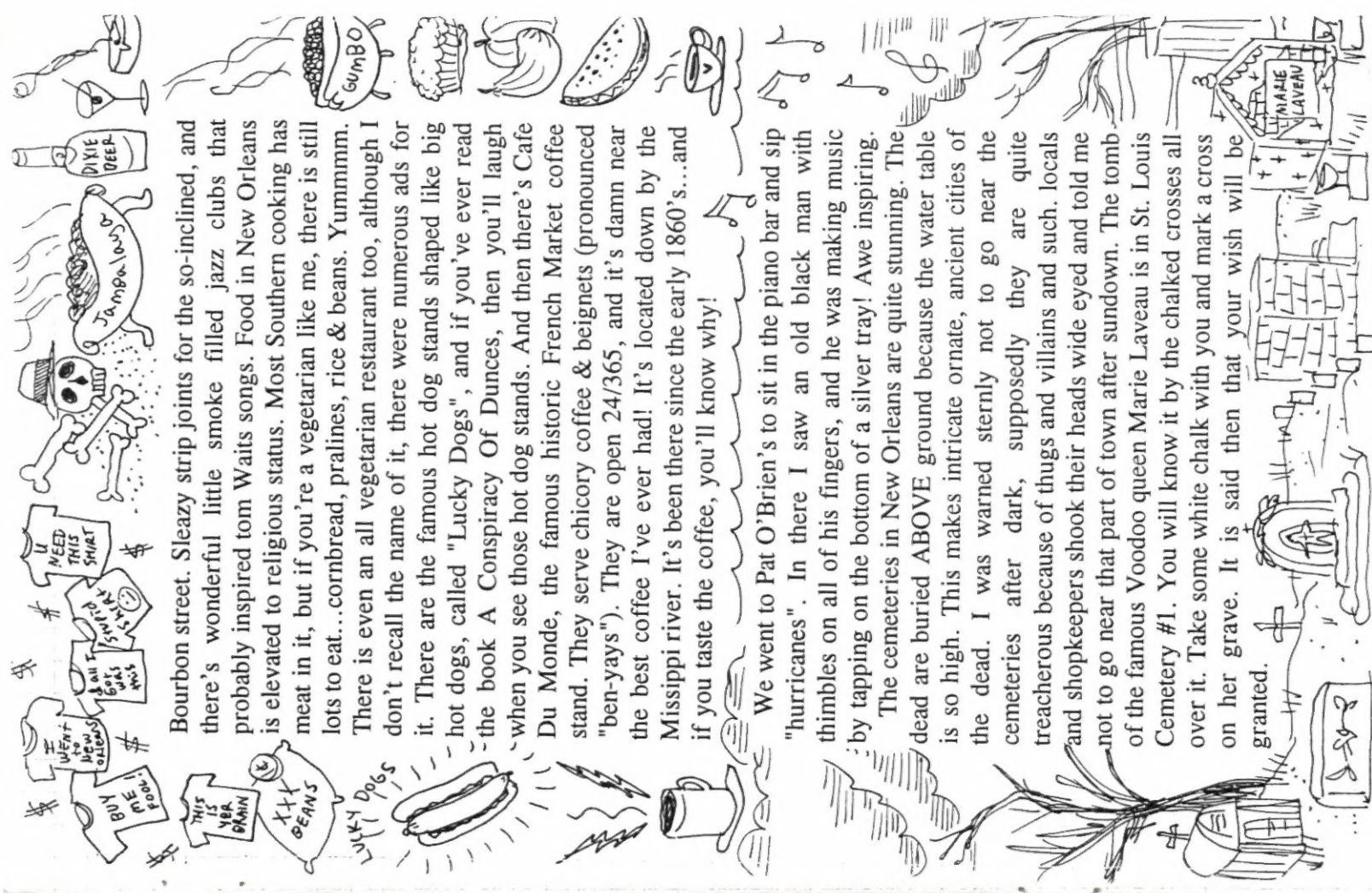
"BART" &

& "Z"

and CHARLY "VURMIN" of San Diego. &

Things I have learned :

- That your age should never dictate who you are, what you wear, what kind of music you like, or who your friends are.
- That if you're dissatisfied with your life, than it is up to you to change it.
- That you can never have too many friends.
- To appreciate old Blues, Jazz & Swing.
- That love will break your heart, but it's worth it.
- That you're never too old to learn new things, start over again, or enjoy your brains out at a punk show.
- That people are usually smarter than I give them credit for.
- To respect animals, not to eat them, and not to take on a new pet unless I am prepared to care for it for life.
- That if you care, it shows.
- That talking about revolution doesn't make you a revolutionary.
- That if you're spending time with a good friend, then anything you end up doing will be fun.
- That a hug is sometimes the best thing to say.
- To ask "stupid" questions. An honest question is never stupid.



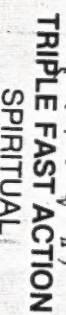
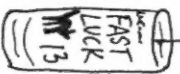
Bourbon street. Sleazy strip joints for the so-inclined, and there's wonderful little smoke filled jazz clubs that probably inspired tom Waits songs. Food in New Orleans is elevated to religious status. Most Southern cooking has meat in it, but if you're a vegetarian like me, there is still lots to eat...cornbread, pralines, rice & beans. Yummm. There is even an all vegetarian restaurant too, although I don't recall the name of it, there were numerous ads for it. There are the famous hot dog stands shaped like big hot dogs, called "Lucky Dogs", and if you've ever read the book A Conspiracy Of Dunces, then you'll laugh when you see those hot dog stands. And then there's Cafe Du Monde, the famous historic French Market coffee stand. They serve chicory coffee & beignets (pronounced "ben-yays"). They are open 24/365, and it's damn near the best coffee I've ever had! It's located down by the Mississippi river. It's been there since the early 1860's...and if you taste the coffee, you'll know why!

We went to Pat O'Brien's to sit in the piano bar and sip "hurricanes". In there I saw an old black man with thimbles on all of his fingers, and he was making music by tapping on the bottom of a silver tray! Awe inspiring.

The cemeteries in New Orleans are quite stunning. The dead are buried ABOVE ground because the water table is so high. This makes intricate ornate, ancient cities of the dead. I was warned sternly not to go near the cemeteries after dark, supposedly they are quite treacherous because of thugs and villains and such. locals and shopkeepers shook their heads wide eyed and told me not to go near that part of town after sundown. The tomb of the famous Voodoo queen Marie Laveau is in St. Louis Cemetery #1. You will know it by the chalked crosses all over it. Take some white chalk with you and mark a cross on her grave. It is said then that your wish will be granted.



Today in New Orleans, it is estimated that 15% of the population still actively practices Voodoo. In the French Quarter alone, there are several houses considered to be haunted, there is a Voodoo pharmacy, a Voodoo catholic church, and numerous stores selling serious Voodoo wares, such as Marie Laveau's House of Voodoo at 739 Bourbon st. There you can get several kinds of charms, gris gris bags, candles, incense, books and other items. I got a "Bayou house blessing" (a big scary looking cross with a snake on it) and a Fast Luck 13 candle like the one on the Jawbreaker J-card for Bivouac.

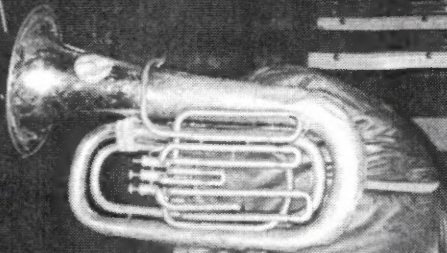


INDIAN SPIRIT
HOUSE BLESSING

**ADAM AND EVE
ATTRACTION**

BATH and FLOOR WASH

6 F1 07



SUPERSTITION
ISN'T ALWAYS
NECESSARY...

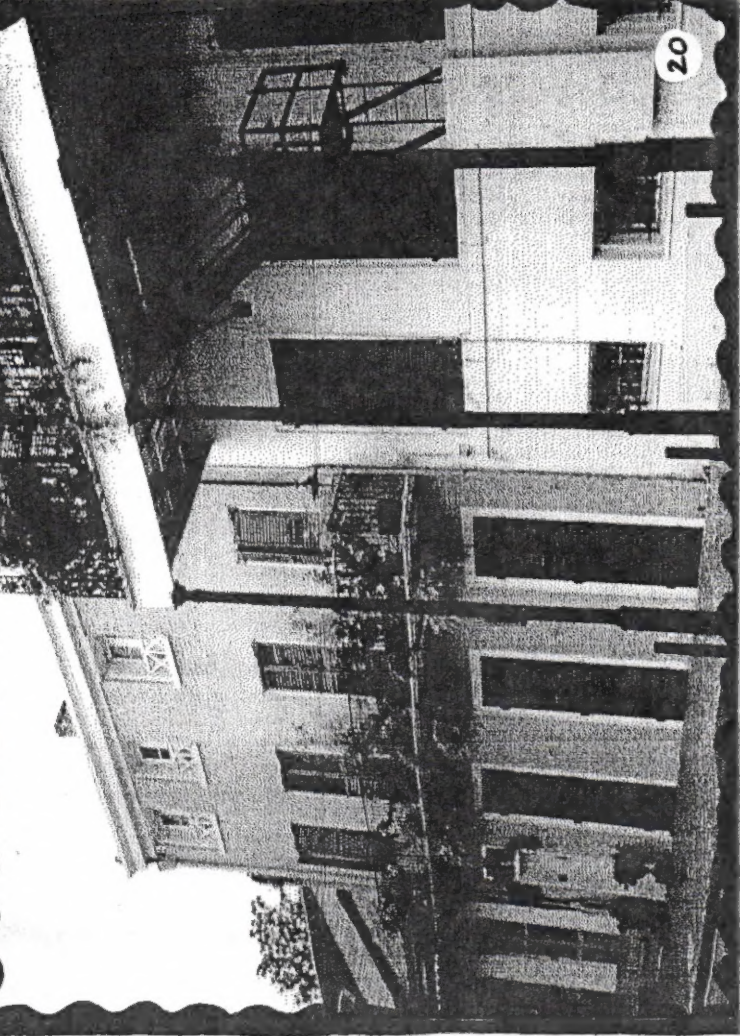
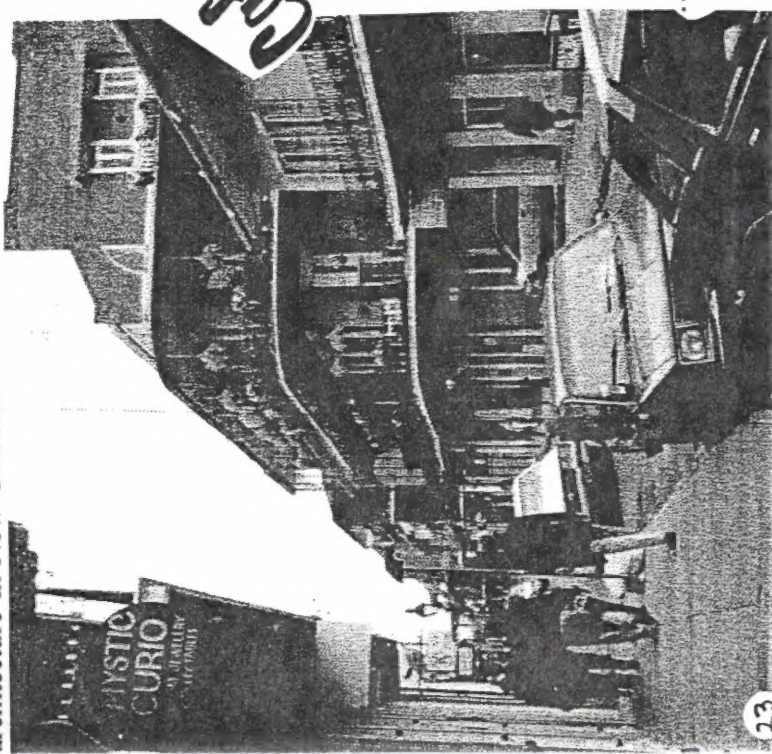
SOME MAGIC
CHARMS BRING
GOOD LUCK
WHETHER YOU
BELIEVE IN
THEM OR NOT.

* * * * *

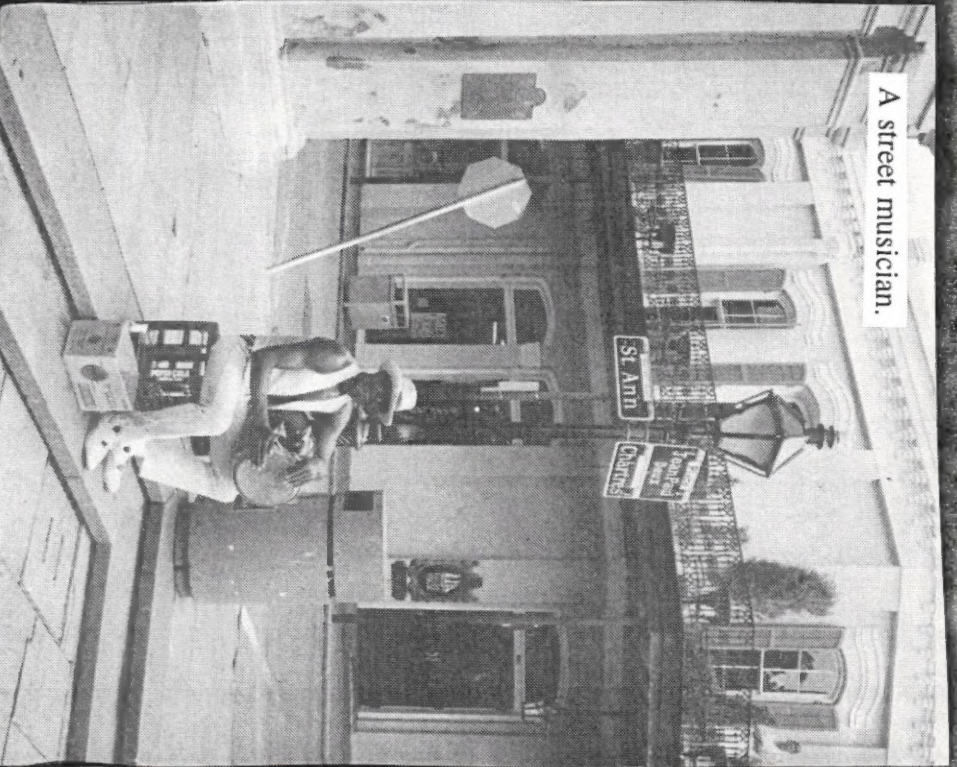


More street musicians.

Some examples of the beautiful old buildings and architecture in New Orleans.



A street musician.



See the unusual!

TOUR THE WORLD-FAMOUS

The Palace Café, Santa Barbara's popular Cajun-Creole-Caribbean eatery at 8 E. Cota St., is bursting with excitement and inspiration. Owner Steve Spender took 12 of the dining room and cook staff to new Orleans Jan. 8 through 12 for a culinary/cultural fact finding journey and good time. They consulted with Chef Paul Prudhomme in his test kitchen, took a class at the New Orleans School of Cooking, went fishing for trout and enjoyed lots of great jazz. Where did they eat? K-Paul's Louisiana Kitchen, Café du Monde, Acme Oyster Bar, Commander's Palace and Chef Emiril Lagasse's spectacular new Nola's Restaurant.

NEW ORLEANS HISTORIC
WOODBOO MUSEUM
PLUS
SWAMP & SWAMP TOURS



SINCE 1972

E • E-8 • 523-7685

The real thing in Haiti, 1993



ASSOCIATED PRESS

Black magic

● A voodoo offering is placed on a Port-au-Prince street outside the American Embassy compound by supporters of Haiti's military regime at dusk. Candles, cornmeal and charms were used by voodoo worshipers to conjure a "black magic" barrier to the return of ousted Haitian President Jean-Bertrand Aristide.

(22)